

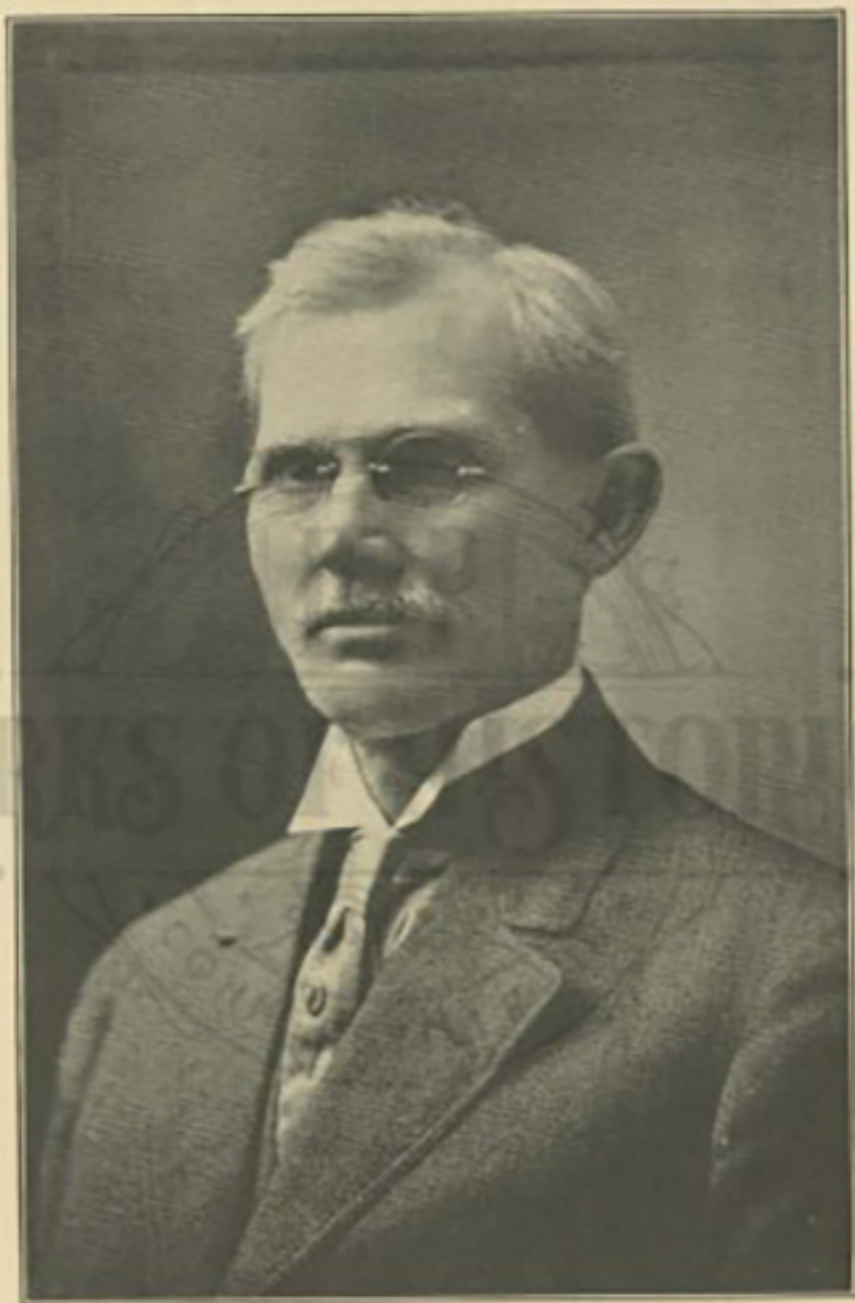
**A
LITTLE JOURNEY
TO
CONNERSVILLE**

BY
ELBERT HUBBARD



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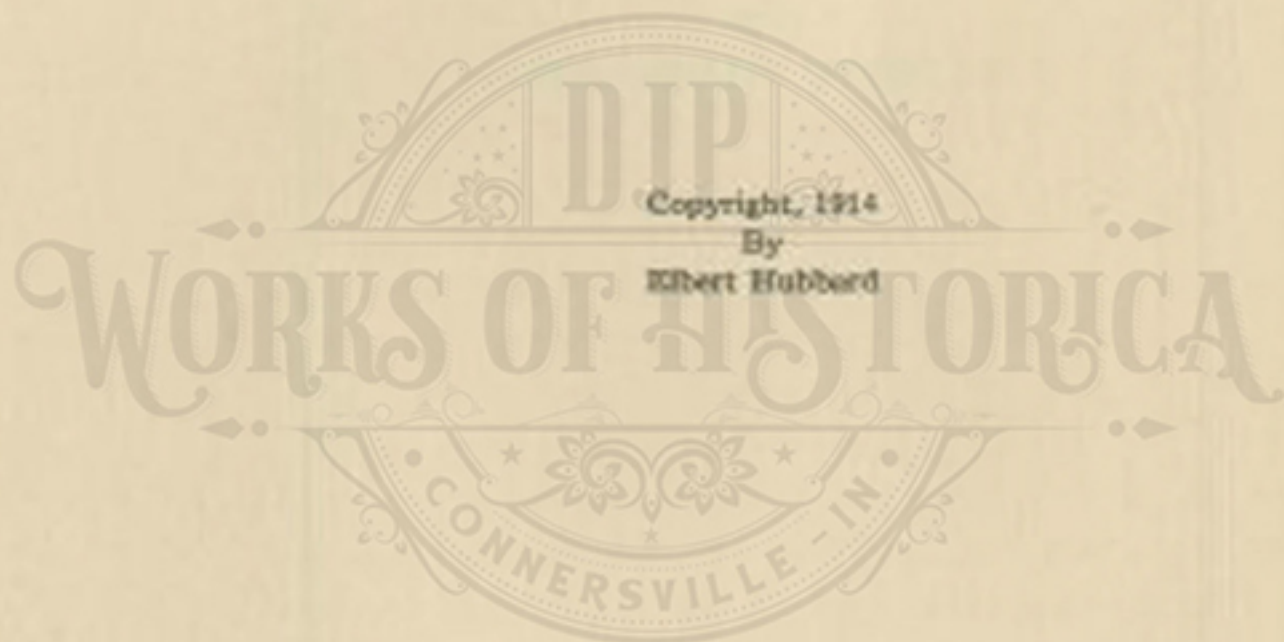


E. W. ANSTED

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A LITTLE JOURNEY TO CONNERSVILLE

BY ELBERT HUBBARD



RECENTLY attended a banquet of the Commercial Club at Connersville, Indiana.

In all, I attend about a hundred banquets, luncheons and "Get-Together" talkfests during the year. A few of these I remember.

¶ This Connersville bunch was a little different from any company that I have ever met with. The men present looked like ball-players. They were a sober, slim, earnest lot, who had cut out the booze and bromide, the foibles and the frills, and were there to get ideas, if by chance any were dropped from the oratorical Zep-pelin. Here was a town of ten thousand people—the county seat of Fayette County.

A hundred of the members were farmers. When you get three hundred intelligent men

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in a town of ten thousand people to get together at a luncheon, you are doing something very unusual. And I saw I was in the presence of an unusual crowd—happy, healthy, bronzed, good-natured, out-of-door men. Oratory is a collaboration between the speaker and the listener. In fact, the listeners key the speaker, and any audience that does not get much, probably receives what it deserves. At this banquet the waiters were members of the club. All members under twenty-five years of age are liable to be conscripted. Any man in the Connerville Commercial Club who is requested to do a thing is never asked twice. The rule is imperative. And yet it is not a written rule, but the idea is abroad that any man who is requested to do a certain thing for the Commercial Club, the town, the county or the State is complimented, and shall obey without back-talk, criticism or questioning. And in all my attendance at banquets I have never yet known of an instance where the members of the club acted as waiters and did the so-called "menial work."

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And yet John Ruskin said that menial work was the only work that was necessary—the rest was superfluity.

This banquet was in charge of one of the members, and he had drafted into his service anybody whose services he needed.

The hall was beautifully festooned with autumn foliage and wild flowers—goldenrod, wild asters of a dozen varieties, climbing clematis, sumac, and rustling oak-leaves.

The tables had pyramids of apples and grapes ♣ ♣

The whole thing was bounteous as a harvest festival ♣ ♣

Many of the good things were home-grown, and were provided by the farmers present, free of cost.

The big Auditorium where the banquet was held is owned by a stock company, all of whom are enthusiastic members of the Commercial Club. This company also own the theater underneath, and in the building enough offices are rented to cover the "overhead." Do not feel sorry for Connorsville ♣

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CONNERSVILLE has the look of prosperity. It is the proud boast of the town that it has more miles of good pavement per capita than any town in America. I would rather accept the proposition than dispute it, and it looks to me as if the statement were well within the limit.

This thriving little city is situated amidst a wealth of foliage. Beeches, sycamores and maples give it a freshness and a beauty that are delightful.

On taking a little run out in the country I discovered that the multiplicity of peaches, pears, melons and sweet potatoes with which the tables were burdened the night before, were so cheap and plentiful that they could be had almost for the asking.

Connorsville is beautifully lighted with cluster lamps and a multiplicity of electric signs. The show-windows along the streets reveal a degree of art which one does not look for in a country county-seat.

Prosperity without affluence was evident on every hand.

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In Connorsville you will look in vain for slums. Here is neither poverty nor riches. And there is work for everybody who wants to work. You can always tell a house that is owned by the man who lives in it. Renters are a careless lot.

Back-yards reveal character. And my guide, I noticed, was rather proud of sending his automobile up alleys, which were paved with brick. And these rides through the alleys revealed to me the back-yards, which were free from lumber, garbage, trash—many of them devoted to flowers, others to vegetables, some with delightful stretches of soft, smooth lawn.

¶ In a bird's-eye view of the town in a run of an hour we counted twenty-two separate, distinct factories. Most of these factories were one story—some of them with sawtooth roof—built of concrete or brick.

Some of the factories were situated in little parks, with a forest of catalpa-trees, foliage plants, and well-kept hedges surrounding them.

And usually there were concrete roadways.

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The railroad folks, even, had caught it, for the station, I noticed, was built of art brick, with warm, red-tile roof.

THINGS never happen of themselves. They happen because somebody makes them happen *~ ~*

And very naturally I asked the question, "Who is the man who keyed Connerville?"

Things co-operate because there is a leader *~ ~*

I knew nothing about Connerville until I arrived there, but after attending that banquet and taking a look around the town, I became convinced that there was one man whose lengthened shadow constituted Connerville. And my guide said: "Why, of course, there is one man here. That is understood. E. W. Ansted is the man. There he goes now!"

And I saw a man, tall, slim, slender, who was a ringer for Henry Ford. This man was somewhere between thirty and sixty years of age *~ ~*

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He moved with an active, springy step. My guide called to him. He stopped, and I was duly introduced.

E. W. Ansted is modest as a girl. But by the right oblique I discovered that he was born at Clayton, Jefferson County, New York. His father was the village blacksmith, and the boy was brought up, as country boys are, and should be, to keep busy. Happy the boy born into a family where there is enough, but not too much, and where everybody works.

Ansted's father's folks were "Mohawk Dutch," with all the virtues that Holland supplies—industry, economy, intelligence, thrift, with a love of the handicrafts. His mother was an Irishwoman: thus he is a combination of the solid substance of the Dutch and the humorous wisdom of the Hibernian.

Ansted is an educated man because he had an educated mother. All of his so-called book-learnin' was gotten from his mother and at the little red schoolhouse; but he has been going to school ever since, and is now going to school  

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ANSTED started to manufacture wagon-springs when eighteen years of age.

And be it known, the steel spring placed plate on plate is a comparatively new proposition, going back only about sixty years. Before this, stagecoaches were slung on leather straps. The first springs used for buggies or wagons were made of green hickory, and this hickory managed to take the jolt and the jounce, or a part of it at least.

In addition, people who had money to burn bought a great big round block of rubber. The big chunk of rubber and the spiral springs were used at that time under the passenger-cars. I can remember a time when it was considerable of a task to pry out one of these chunks of rubber with a crowbar when the trainmen were not looking, and the boys then cut this rubber up into the form of a ball and rounded it out deftly with great labor and much pains. This made a ball which when hit would go over the Baptist Church.

Rubber for springs has been displaced within our time.

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Ansted was one of the first men to make leaves of steel, one on the other, each one getting shorter toward the top, and put these under the wagon-box.

He became an expert in the fashioning of steel ~~as~~ ~~as~~.

Ansted got a job across the lake at Gananoque, Canada. From two dollars a day he was raised to five, and taught other men how.

¶ The wanderlust got a hold of him. He moved way Out West and made springs for the wagon-works at Racine, Wisconsin.

Then when they began to manufacture buggies there, it was his business to produce the springs. And Ansted was spring-maker to the American People.

He was induced by a buggy-factory at Indianapolis to supply springs for that factory. So he started a factory at Indianapolis, which he later moved to Connorsville. The business evolved. Ansted taught his people how to make the best possible springs at the lowest possible expense.

Gradually, surely, steadily, the town grew. So

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today Connorsville is the lengthened shadow of E. W. Ansted.

When young men had evolved in his shops to a point where the shop was not big enough to accommodate their ambitions, Ansted encouraged them to start a new business of their own, right in Connorsville, and he himself headed the list of stockholders.

So it happens that in Connorsville there is a manufacturing district similar to that famous factory center known as the "Central Manufacturing District" in Chicago, only Connorsville does not attempt to compete with Cook County in size.

But everything that has been done in the Central Manufacturing District of Chicago has been done just as well, or a little better, in Connorsville, in the group of factories known colloquially as the "Ansted Factories."

For instance, there is The Lexington-Howard Co. This concern makes a car that this country is going to hear a good deal more about within a very short time, and that is the famous *Lexington*.

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Ansted is President of The Lexington-Howard Co. :~:~

Then there is the Ansted Spring and Axle Company. This was the original Ansted concern, devoted to making just two things for carriages—springs and axles. Now part of the business is to supply auto-springs for *Lexington* cars.

Next there is the Central Manufacturing Company, which manufactures automobile-bodies out of pressed steel, a wonderfully equipped *little* factory about half a mile long, it seemed to me, all on one floor. The metal is started in on one side of the factory, moved down to the end of the factory, and comes out a complete, finished, beautiful, automobile-body :~:~

A little distance away is a factory known as the Indiana Lamp Company, that supplies lamps for the *Lexington* cars and other automobiles :~:~

Mr. Ansted is also a stockholder in the Connorsville Wheel Company and the Rex Buggy Company.

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He also owns a half-interest in the Ansted and Burk Milling Company, of Springfield, Ohio.

¶ And just to prevent introspection and take up a little slack time he is President of The Farmers' and Merchants' Trust Company of Connersville, and a Director in the Fayette National Bank, besides being interested in a number of other public and private enterprises.

When you want things done, call on a busy man—the other kind has no time.

Ansted is not hurried, rushed, or out of breath.

¶ Ansted is working with young men, and his ability to enthuse them and inspire them and put them on their mettle and bring out the best that is in them will constitute this man's claim to immortality. And his numerous factories were started, I was told, in order to give young men a chance.

In all my meeting with many men I never knew one that had the confidence and the love of so many young men as this man Ansted has. He is a maker of businessmen. He is an organizer, a builder, a creator, and best of all he is a

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teacher. Emerson says great teachers teach us nothing, but in their presence we are different people. But get it out of your head that Ansted is a patriarch—he is a boy with the boys. He has n't forgot how to laugh and how to play. His is the heart that never grows old.

E. W. Ansted is an educated man in the best sense of the word—mindful always that there is no such thing as complete education. We are always going to school, and success consists in striving eternally, but never arriving. You must get just enough play-spell mixed up in the work every day, so nothing becomes monotonous. —

ALL things considered, I would say that the big achievement of E. W. Ansted is the perfection of the automobile known as the *Lexington*.

E. W. Ansted's companies supply nearly every part that goes into this most beautiful machine. There is no automobile manufactured so wholly under the direct supervision of one man as the *Lexington* car is.

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Ansted is a mechanician, a craftsman, a businessman—an artist.

And like every true artist he is filled with an eternal discontent.

There are many factories that make more cars than does The Lexington-Howard Co., but I do not believe there is a car manufactured that is more honestly put together, and that contains a greater number of advantages than this car does.

Mr. Ansted started life as a spring-maker. And he is a spring-maker yet.

The *Lexington* is equipped with springs which when you run over a rut will go down, but they do not fling you up into the air and send you into the top. This type of spring is called cantilever and has been uniquely applied by the *Lexington* engineers. The *Lexington* does not leap, jump, jounce, weave, wave, and thus is always easy to control.

There is no car made with the spring accomodation and the same easy-riding advantages that this car possesses.

I am as well acquainted with the automobile

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industry as any outsider you know. I own six cars, each of a different make. I know automobiles a deal better than many men who are up to their collars in the industry.

There are in the market just five makes of first-class cars, and no more. What these makes are need not here be enumerated. We do not want to start any war! Oh, yes, I know the three P's, thoroughly and well.

But the *Lexington* has every advantage and benefit, including beauty and grace of outline, that the best of these cars or any of them possesses—and has the Moore Multiple Exhaust System in addition.

The Moore Multiple Exhaust System was planned and elaborated by J. C. Moore, Chief Engineer for the *Lexington* folks.

It is thus an exclusive and distinctive *Lexington* feature, and basic patents, completely covering the system, are pending.

Every good thing is copied and, if possible, appropriated outright by interested parties who often forget that one man's rights end where those of another man begin.

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And so it comes to pass that the Moore Multiple Exhaust System has already been paid the subtle compliment of direct imitation by two of the biggest and best known automobile companies in the country.

If imitation is a form of flattery, as some contend, then the *Lexington* people should feel flattered. Of late, however, it really looks as if imitation is the *sincerest* form of insult.

¶ Probably the Moore Multiple Exhaust System would never have been perfected, but for a serious defect in multi-cylinder construction so universal as to be accepted by practically all engineers as inevitable.

It seems that when two cylinders exhaust consecutively into the same "manifold," a condition arises by which the important processes of ignition and combustion are hindered and retarded. This means inefficient work by the engine and lessened pleasure with greater expense.

Every man who owns or drives a car will tell you that he knows the machine just the same as your locomotive-engineer knows and loves

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his iron horse. He knows just what the car can do and also he is wise to the things he had better not attempt.

There are balky cars, just as there are balky nags. After driving a car about so long, you get the "feel" of the machine. You know when to put 'er in "high," and when "low" or "intermediate" will do better. These things come naturally and without conscious effort.

☞ It is not unlike getting the hang of a new language in a strange land. You can tell when the car is acting skittish ("skiddish," if you prefer) or merely trying to make head against odds *~ ~*

The chances are, the car is not to blame, but is only suffering from the choked condition indicated above *~ ~*

The Moore Multiple Exhaust System tends to correct this condition, by putting the car on a "big-business" basis and giving her pep and power plus. A double-exhaust "manifold" with double mufflers, arranged so that no two cylinders can exhaust into the same tube at the same time—there you have it. No extra

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weight is added to the car, but Oh, the difference in response! "More power out of less gasoline, with less cost of upkeep"—that is what the Moore Multiple Exhaust System means to you.

It makes you laugh right out in meeting to note how the *Lexington* eats the hills. It's "over the hills and far away," while you wait. The Moore Multiple Exhaust System makes Bonny Betsey go right out after "Yim" Hill the way my friend Wally Schang goes after careless base-runners.

The Moore Multiple Exhaust System is not a near-device. Neither is it an experiment or a partial success. It doesn't go nicely for a while, so as to set your hopes high up on a pinnacle, then shove you off a thousand-foot precipice just at the time when you have learned to love it.

It does its work all the time, and does it with a vim and vigor that commands your complete respect. ~ ~

The Moore Multiple Exhaust System was subjected to a series of the severest road and

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laboratory tests imaginable before being passed on, approved and pronounced Okay by a bunch of experts who convened in overalls to sit on the case and pronounce judgment.

What the Moore Multiple Exhaust System means to motorists can be summed up briefly under four heads, in terms readily understood by all car owners:

- (1) Maximum power.
- (2) Easy carburetion.
- (3) Absolute ignition.
- (4) Remarkable economy.

It means climbing hills as if you were coasting; more and greater power at any speed, motor flexibility, and a very material saving in gasoline.

The *Lexington* is made under conditions where the overhead is reduced to the minimum.

It is made by intelligent workers, who own their homes, and have savings-bank accounts.

¶ If you buy a *Lexington* you pay just what the thing is worth and no more. You do not have to pay for frills, fads, excessive adver-

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tising, and a multitude of expenses that go with some of the overcapitalized companies. Connersville is a town where people live close to the heart of Mother Earth; where everybody has his feet on the ground, even if his head is in the skies.

And the system which I saw at the Connersville banquet prevails in all of the factories—order, cleanliness, decency, light, heat, ventilation, good cheer.

The *Lexington* has personality, plus.

It is a distinguished car.

When you see a *Lexington* on the road, you turn and look at it, just as people turn and follow Sir Wilfrid Laurier, when they see him on the street.

The *Lexington* tokens honesty, efficiency, grace and the joy of life without any of its drawbacks.

Perhaps you better write for a booklet about the *Lexington*. Use my name. The address is, The Lexington-Howard Co., 3 Park Place, Connersville, Indiana, U. S. A.



MODERN
BUSINESS
IS HUMAN
SERVICE

